# The Florence Tribune.

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### THE OPIUM SMOKER.

I am engulfed, and drawn deliciously,
Soft music like a perfume, and sweet light
Golden with audible odors exquisite,
Swathe me with cerements for eternity,
Time is no more. I pause and yet I flee,
A million ages wrap me round with night,
I drain a million ages of delight,
I hold the future in my memory.

Also I have this garret which I rent,
This bed of straw, and this that was a chair,
This worn out body like a tattered tent,
This crust, of which the rats have eaten part,
This pipe of opium; rage, remorse, despair;
This soul at pawn and this delirious heart.
—London Academy.

## UNCLE OR NEPHEW.

I.

Allowing for disparity of years Geoffrey Middleton, nephew, was as like in person to Geoffrey Middleton, uncle, as he was in name and nature.

The two were the last representatives of their race, Middletons, of Middleton Castle, and strangers who saw them together were sure to fancy them father and son until informed to the contrary. They were both tall, thin and muscular—justifying in their degree the arrogant Lancashire proverb which affirms that "the south grows trees, the north grows men." Their features were rugged and boldly defined, speaking, without words, of force of character and vitality of will. None could look either uncle or nephew in the face—as they looked their neighbors—and read weakness there. But the nephew, as became stalwart seven-and-twenty, had pretensions to be described as handsome (upon the family pattern), which his kinsman lacked.

As has been hinted, the physical resemblance was supplemented by analogy of temper. Each was stiff, reticent, locked in the prison house of a natural hauteur, and capable of a smoldering, dangerous resentment.

And in the case of old Geoffrey these attributes had of late come every one into play. In his own fashion he was showing his extreme disapproval of the sayings and doings of his heir, now on a visit to Elgin house, Sefton Park.

The prosperous Liverpool shipbroker saw the maxims of his life, those rules of caution and exactness by which he had built up a house the envy of a thousand rivals, apparently set at naught by a harum-scarum young surgeon. He had wanted young Geoffrey to come into the office, and, misliking the outlook of perpetual quill driving and equally systematic supervision, Geoffrey refused. This was a first offense, and it had been condoned. Funds were found to educate the refractory one for the profession he selected; and later, to purchase for him a share in a practice where he might still be under his uncle's eye. Fairly launched thus, young Geoffrey had incontinently exchanged with a dissatisfied brother of the scalpel located at York. The score against him on his uncle's tablets of memory was therewith doubled.

And after many days he had come back in anything but the prodigal's role of humility and contrition, though the main purpose of his cross country journey seemed to be to invite extrication from a financial difficulty.

"It's an awful nuisance, of course, I'm disgusted with myself at having to come to you on such an errand, sir. But I never dreamed that it would turn out more than what Arbuthnot called it—'a mere form,'" he said. "And after all I suppose it's I that will be the loser in the long run."

Whether young Geoffrey's native talents were few or many, that of diplomacy was not among them. If it had been, he would instinctively have avoided at this juncture the remotest reference to his uncle's well understood intentions concerning the ultimate disposition of his wealth. It was inevitable that such an allusion must, under the circumstances, grate upon the listener's ear.

In reality it stimulated old Geoffrey's anger to a perilous pitch. The shipbroker's brow was furrowed like a warped plank of one of his own vessels, the cold gray eyes scintillated with scorn, the lines deepened and grew rigid at the corners of the inflexible mouth. Yet the bridle was upon his tongue. He was never the man to bandy futile reproaches or reveal the depth of his indignation in scathing, impetuous speech. The passion of his wrath found its familar outlet—sarcasm.

"Most genially and pleasantly said," he answered. "Yes, it is you who will be the sufferer. There cannot be a doubt of that. And I quite acquit you of intending to submit me to this trifling annoyance—the figures you mentioned were £1,500, I think?"

Young Geoffrey writhed upon his chair and felt uncommonly hot, although he was sitting at an open window with the June breeze fanning him. Foolish he might be, a sad blunderer he was; but he had plenty of wit to see his error after committing it—no great thing, perhaps, to say in his favor, and certainly no unusual phenomenon. And he recognized both the storm signals on his uncle's countenance and the irony of the old man's tone and words. Yet such was the turn of his own mental and moral idiosyncrasies that he made no pretense of apology, but tightened his lips and replied to the superfluous query in accents equally frigid and calm.

"Yes—rather more, in fact; fifteen hundred and eighty."

"And you expect me to find you this sum?"

"To whom else shall I apply, sir? I have no other resource. If my father were living it would be different. But you've stood in the place of both parents to me for many a year. And this is how I repay you!"

It was a sudden climax, and not the less a stroke of happy augury. If the young surgeon had paused there, there might be no story to tell. His spasm of emotion, his repentance, genuine if destined to be short lived, had favorably affected old Geoffrey, who loved his adopted boy with every fault upon his head.

But surely some mischievous sprite must have stood at young Geoffrey's elbow and have dictated new words of strife.

'And you can punish me, sir, by leaving as much more away to the office boy, if you like. I rather wish you would," he fatuously added, as the lull grew harassing.

He had whistled for the wind, and the tempest was his reward, if such an epithet may properly be applied to the measured and restrained condemnation to which he was compelled to attend.

"You are still harping on the same cheerful string," said old Geoffrey, with a bland yet bitter smile upon his face—it was as though patience should smile at the futility of her own forbearance—"I leave you to determine whether there is not after all the chance—mind, I only venture to say the chance—of another flaw in your calculations. You appear to have made one in relying upon your friend Mr. Arbuthnot's honor, and backing the bill which he cleverly leaves you to pay. Very possibly he, too, is aware of your great expectations. Or it may even be a planned business between you."

"Sir!—uncle!" The victim of this dubious money transaction sprang to his feet.

"Sit down," said the other dryly; "it's not the Middleton way to go pop like a ginger beer bottle, because shaken by a mere perhaps."

Young Geoffrey resumed his seat and bit his lip in silence.

"I didn't say that it was so; I don't know that I thought it. But, putting the best construction on your conduct, it's anything but satisfactory. My money has been made, sir, by hard work, pegging at it, and taking care of every guinea. Your cleverness seems to be exhibited in precisely an opposite direction. Your pockets, sir, are sieves. And to any man with an atom of real business about him, the backing of a stiff bill on next to no inquiry would be impossible. He could no more do it than scuttle a ship. You shall have the money, but beware—not a second time."

"It shall not occur again, sir." The promise was sincere, but uttered in a manner neither gracious nor conciliating. It seemed to the young surgeon that he had been made the mark of a volley of missiles, every one of which had left its bruise behind. And in addition he was no doubt buffeted by an accusing conscience.

Old Geoffrey crossed the room to an ebony cabinet fitted at the top as a writing desk; he took his check book from an inner drawer, filled up a draft, while the only sound in the apartment was the sullen ticking of a morose clock supported by griffins on the mantelpiece, passed the pink slip to his nephew, and walked out into the adjacent conservatory. He had said his say, and for the hour there was an end to it.

"Thank you; I am very sorry, I'm sure, sir," said the culprit. And by a different door he too vanished.

But the ship broker did not dismiss the interview from his thoughts. It was with him all day at his office in Water street, producing an increased testiness under which his clerks suffered and for which they could find no adequate palliation in the current condition of trade. Even one of his skippers condescended to mention in the outer counting house that "the boss was in a regular tear, raging like a nor'easter, and that all he, the sailor, could do was to reef sail and to bring up close to the wind."

Old Geoffrey was slowly working out a problem more troublesome than any supplied by the figures on his ledgers or cargo sheets. And at last he reached the goal of great decision. It was clear that his nephew was unfit to be intrusted with the round half million so laboriously amassed. The scapegrace would make ducks and drakes of it. Yet to disinherit him by will was an irksome procedure, and ran counter to lifelong purposes and prejudices. Old Geoffrey had ever been ready with his sneer at merchants who scraped and saved and left their hoard, at their reluctant exit, to asylums or charities. And so far as he knew there was not even a cousin half a dozen times removed who could be dragged into the warm circles of wealth while the delinquent was bidden stay out in the cold. No; it was the choice of unwelcome alternatives that the shipbroker had faced. He might leave his nephew to present content and future triumph. Or—the first inception of the idea was attended by fierce mental throes that fully accounted for irritability of temper—he might marry. And to marry was his final resolve.

The revelation would have astounded his clerks, and have at once amused and scandalized his neighbors and intimates. And he opined, rightly or wrongly, that by it his misbehaved nephew would be thrown into consternation and despair. It was on this feature of the general effect that he fixed his prophetic gaze with most equanimity. The scamp deserved the punishment.

Heroism was a word contumeliously dealt with in old Geoffrey's private lexicon. He professed to disbelieve in it altogether. His synonyms for it was vainglory—for the humbler sort, fanaticism. Yet the quality was not absent from the purpose he was now shaping for immediate action. He was 60; all the ways of his daily life were ordered on a model tested and approved by prolonged experience; and it was understood with perfect correctness by the whole body of his associates, whether in Water street or Sefton Park, that he was a confirmed misogynist. And in spite of these facts he had determined to write this very evening an explicit proposal of marriage to a girl of whom he knew little more than that she was pretty—repute said cultured—and the daughter of his banker.

The deed was done before he again met the intractable nephew whose nose—he chuckled grimly to himself—might thus in due time be effectually put out of joint.

Young Geoffrey failed pitiably to read the true meaning of his uncle's elaborate politeness and elephantine mirth at the dinner table. Generally a dreary function at Elgin house was that of the great social feast! He fancied that the sky was clear again; that his uncle's wrath was appeased. He learned better when the solemn visaged butler had withdrawn.

"Um! I think it right to inform you, Geoff, that I intend shortly to change my state—to marry," said old Geoffrey.

A wine glass was shivered, slipping in some occult way to the polished floor. But there was no other overt symptom of disconcertment on the listener's part. A Middleton to the core, he simply answered:

"Indeed! Allow me to congratulate you, sir."

And old Geoffrey was strangely vexed at the sturdy restraint and the family phlegm which in a similar position would have characterized himself.

II.

"This means, don't you see, an end to idle dreaming, Dicks. I'll just have to buckle to work and coerce Dame Fortune in spite of her frowns. But I'd take it better, I think, if the governor had gone about this freak—for such I call it—after my latest scrape. And I shouldn't have been as much surprised then. But he must have settled it long ago. He announced it as a fact already in process of fulfillment. He dropped a word or two in the morning as I was doing penance of confession, but I didn't take much heed then; I shall have to now."

Mr. Geoffrey Middleton the younger was discussing with the old friend and ally whose post he had taken at York the untoward alteration of his prospects disclosed to him on the previous evening. And not unnaturally, though in this instance erroneously, he gave his uncle credit for acting with mature deliberation.

Edgar Dicks clapped him on the shoulder.

"Spoken like a Briton," he cried; "but I'd have taken oath that the old fellow had more sense. Yes, and a better regard for you. Who is the fair beguiler? She'll have a prize, eh?"

"She will. I speak in all seriousness. Not a syllable can or shall be uttered by my lips against my uncle. And he has a perfect right to do as he pleases in this matter. But who is to be the future Mrs. Middleton I am as ignorant, Dicks, as you are."

"You asked him, surely?"

"Not I. I suppose my wretched pride got in the path; ah, well, it's got a knock down blow at last."

"Whew! You're a queer pair. Eccentricity must be hereditary; here's the proof."

And Dicks ended with a laugh, compounded in about equal parts of admiration, pity and amusement—admiration for his comrade's chivalrous defense of the imperious old ship broker, pity for young Geoffrey's abruptly overclouded hopes, and amusement at the humor of the off hand avowal which Geoffrey had described.

At the same instant Dicks recollected a call he had to make in Park street. They were far up Prince's road.

"I shall have to wish you good morning, Middleton; it won't do to neglect duty, and the beckoning hand is at my rear."

The friends parted. Geoffrey strolled moodily along, battling with a certain temptation which was sure to attack him as he neared Prince's park. In a house to his right resided Dusa Venn, a girl whom yesterday he had dared to picture on the canvas of an exuberant fancy as his wife, but who now was as far above him as the star is ever above the moth. Her friends were rich, and he was a poor surgeon—nothing more. Had he not been duly warned that to build an airy castle on the basis of a great inheritance, as in the past he had been apt to do, was simply to set a premium on disappointment and disaster? Henceforth he would walk among realities, and, as he had assured Dicks, put a decisive period to day dreams. It was hard, all the same, to recognize that the acquaintance that had begun so blithely at Christmas, when Dusa had returned from Germany, and the hope of continuing and developing which had secretly combined with his monetary need to bring him now to Liverpool, must remain only a witching, tantalising memory. Yesterday he had dared to call and Dusa had been so kind that he had grown bold to whisper words into which she might, if she pleased, read passion and the old sweet homage of the man to the maid. He was invited to return—to drop in at any time he chose.

Why not for the last time now? On the morrow he would seek safety in flight to York.

Where a young woman is in the question—especially a girl scarce twenty, with rippling golden hair, eyes like meres of living light, and a face and figure worthy of Aphrodite as she dwelt in a Grecian sculptor's brain—how shall man hold on the even tenor of his way and be strong?

Young Geoffrey's feet stayed, turned, finally stood in the hall of Gartmore, and then a strange thing befell him. He was ushered into a boudoir and found Dusa alone, and there was a look upon her face, and a sweet expectancy in her attitude, that caused his heart to thump against his breast as if seeking to depart and fly to that fair custodian for whom nature had so clearly destined it. Already he was mystified, and, it would hardly be too much to write, alarmed.

"Geoffrey!" whispered a soft voice. And volumes could not have gathered into their covers a fuller, richer meaning.

What bewildering portent was this? For hard strife with the yearnings of his own spirit Geoffrey Middleton had come prepared. But not for a challenge of this sort. He was swayed like a reed in the wind. Every maxim of prudence was driven out of his head. The words of his answer—which was an appeal—came with but semi-conscious volition.

"Dusa, my dear one! Is there any hope?" he cried.

And ah, the bliss, the bewilderment of it! The shapely little head was pillowed upon his breast. Hope! This was certainty.

"But, Geoffrey, your letter said this evening; I was not looking for you yet. Were you so impatient?"

"My letter," he echoed helplessly.

"Yes; and how curiously formal you were in expressing what—what I suppose is your wish"—the blushing face was averted, or young Geoffrey's slowly dawning look of horrified intelligence must infallibly have struck a chill to the tender heart that trusted him—"if I hadn't known you—as it really seems for an age, though it's such a little time—I should have fancied that, after all, you didn't very greatly care"——

"Stop, Dusa, my treasure!" almost moaned the startled and dismayed lover; "nothing can change our regard for each other—nothing shall. We are agreed in that?"

Dusa was alert and quivering in every nerve with a new accession of excitement. It was her turn to be perplexed. Why this sudden tornado of anxious, foreboding passion?

"Yes, oh, yes," she replied, with a shy, pretty fervor.

"Then, Dusa, it was not I who wrote to you; it was my uncle!"

Only the rosy kiss of morning on Alpine snow will compare with the flood of carmine that overswept the abashed countenance. Amazement and consternation between them riveted her to the spot, or the girl might have fled. If this were true, what a hoyden she must have appeared to her visitor. Could anything be worse than to be won without being wooed? And her parents too had been deceived. They had regarded the stately proposal as emanating from the nephew, and on the strength of old Geoffrey's wealth, in estimating which the banker had the assistance of private knowledge, they had graciously favored the suitor. It was a terrible imbroglio, from whatever standpoint the complex question at issue was regarded.

But young Geoffrey had the courage of despair, and the mobility of his nature asserted itself.

"Forgive me, Miss Venn, for my ill considered attempt just now at pledging you to a promise which altered conditions may reasonably warrant you in breaking," he said. "I have been wrong—wrong all through. But I can make this amends. You are perfectly free, Miss Venn, as free as one short hour ago; even freer, for then your mind was entangled by a singular error. I may never be my uncle's heir; he has told me that he means to marry; I did not know whom. I am only a poor toiler. It is not for me to harbor vain ambitions, however sweet."

His voice died away in an involuntary sigh. The touch of self pity in the last sentence of his great renouncement was almost tragic.

Dusa had recovered the control of her faculties, if not her self possession. She smiled through tears.

"But you made a promise, too; and unless you wish it I will not release you," she said.

There was a happy pause, in which—But the narrator relents, and leaves the hiatus. And Dusa added, with a flash of mischief irradiating her tremulous confusion:

"Only I wish I'd been familiar, Geoffrey, with your handwriting."

III.

Philosophers, who differ in some other matters almost as vehemently as politicians, are agreed that success is not synonymous with happiness. It is possible to have a big banking balance, costly freight on many seas, and even seniority in the procession to the civic chair, and to hobnob nevertheless with discontent. The foot may have its corn and wince at the slightest touch beneath the velvet slipper.

These moral reflections owe their origin in this place to the profound dissatisfaction that had crept like a Mersey fog of December over the spirit of Geoffrey Middleton, shipbroker. His position was precisely that dexterously insinuated above. And the cause thereof was his own hastily adopted purpose of matrimony.

His fateful letter, once posted by his own hand, for fear of accidents or the impertinent curiosity of domestics, he felt for the moment triumphant. It was in this mood that he had dealt his sharp thrust at his nephew over the wine and dessert in the dining room.

But when he retired that night it was to a weary vigil in which carking care was biting like an acid into the pattern of his heroic resolve. With a young and ardent love the major uncertainty would have been whether he was to be accepted or rejected. But old Geoffrey's thoughts did not tarry long at this stage. He had witnessed too many sacrifices of fair, ingenuous springtime to wan, saturnine winter to have much doubt that he could lead to the altar yet another victim. He was wealthy, and it was enough. Guardians would advise, and the girl's own vanity and desire to possess the advantages credited to the station of a rich man's darling would give her strength to crush down any natural repugnance.

The anxiety was of a different sort. Was he sure that he had fully calculated the cost of the step in personal security, comfort and ease? And every time he went over anew the ground of the argument pro and con the keener became his doubts. In the morning he got up with feelings surely cast on the model of those with which Mr. William Sykes may regard the final ceremony in a prison court yard, at which his presence is ever likely to be required.

Mightily glad was old Geoffrey that he had not to face his nephew, who was a late riser, at the breakfast table.

And if on the previous day a nor'easter had rattled about the ears of his Water street employes, it was a veritable hurricane that blew anathemas hither and thither from 10 to 3 on this date of doom. One of his clerks resigned then and there.

Everything went wrong; though, as he was at bottom a scrupulously fair man, there could be little doubt that old Geoffrey would by and by come to acknowledge that the fault was in himself.

And a fellow trader who dropped in with a budget of gossip did not throw oil on the troubled waves.

"Sad about Danby, isn't it?" he asked.

"What? I haven't heard. I thought his firm was as solid as—as St. George's hall."

"Oh, so it is; there's no screw loose in Danby, Porter & Porter. But the old man's shaky here," and the friend significantly tapped his parchment-like forehead; "they're sending him to an asylum. Married a young wife, you remember. That's done it. A nice dance she led him. Better have stayed as he was—as you are, Middleton."

"Quite so," said old Geoffrey, grimly. And he relapsed into his ledger again.

"Quite so; and next month everybody will be saying that I'm as big a fool, and prophesying on my account," he muttered irrelevantly, when, with a farewell word about a shipment of wool from Melbourne, the visitor had gone.

"Confound the boy," he went on in his bitter soliloquy; "what did he want to be so cock sure about coming in for my money for? As for the £1,580—it was a heavy figure—I could have forgiven him that. And now he's let me in for a worse scrape."

Remorse was working. But what could it avail a man who had drawn up a document as compromising as half the inane compositions that figure in reports of breach of promise suits, and had watched it with a malicious smile committed to the charge of her majesty's postmaster general. With a groan his conscience supplied the response—none. He was bound by every consideration of honor and probity to go through his enterprise. And this meant a call that evening at Gartmore. His exact expression in his old fashioned and somewhat cumbersome phraseology had been:

"In so important a matter, my dear Miss Venn, I would earnestly desire that you should eschew a hasty decision, and I therefore will ask to be permitted to wait in person at your home for your reply during the early hours of to-morrow evening."

And he went.

Not altogether to his surprise Mr. Venn received him. It was quite in keeping with his notions of propriety that the preliminaries of the momentous contract should be settled with his future bride's father; and, in truth, he was very considerably relieved to have to enter (as he supposed) upon a purely business discussion and to postpone the ordeal of making love. What he should find to say when the latter labor had to be undertaken it passed his power of conjecture to imagine. He could only hope that the crisis—and he dreaded it worse than an interview with his dentist—would by its very severity kindle within his mind illumination for the road he had so fatuously elected to travel.

Mr. Venn was a rotund little man, with a bustling manner, twinkling dark eyes—the twinkling was intensified at this juncture—and the good gift of sound digestion, which renders ill temper on any but the most insolent provocation a base ingratitude to kindly Providence.

"Delighted to see you at Gartmore, Middleton, and—ahem! I believe I have some idea of your errand," said he.

The shipbroker bowed. "I fully expected that you would understand," he answered. And then somehow he paused, for it was borne in upon him that he was on the eve of listening to some disturbing revelation. Nothing could be wrong with the bank surely? It was a dreadful thought that made him quake in his boots. Certainly Venn's face wore an aspect of funereal gravity, relieved only by the oddly contrasted brightness of his eyes, where a couple of imprisoned sunbeams seemed to be basking.

"First let me express my sense—our sense—of the honor done to my daughter, and through Dusa to her parents, by your offer of this morning, Mr. Middleton."

Old Geoffrey breathed a trifle more freely. It was the question he had come about, then, that accounted for Venn's solemnity. The stability of the famous old banking house was unimpaired. It was a ridiculously absurd terror that had seized him.

"But, Middleton, I am sorry."

"I am afraid I don't quite take you."

And indeed the inference seemed to be too good to be true. Never, surely, did pretender await with more eagerness the verdict of dismissal.

"I repeat that I am sorry. My daughter's affections are bestowed already—elsewhere, my dear Middleton. And there has been an odd mistake, the oddest mistake, I think, I ever knew or heard of. If I had seen your letter I should have known, of course. But you see Dusa is quite unfamiliar with your hand; and then you write as vigorously as—as your nephew might do. And I was busy; I didn't ask to see the note. Dusa told me what was in it, and who she supposed it had come from, and so, as I say, we blundered all round."

Light was slowly breaking on old Geoffrey's mind. Perhaps the reaction from the dread that he might be taken at his word and married out of hand (so to speak) by a flighty young miss, quickened his faculties of apprehension. It was queer how strong was his temptation to re-enact the schoolboy of five-and-forty years ago and throw up his hat at the joyful news of regained liberty. But there was more to learn.

"Do I gather correctly that you mistook the sender?"

"Dusa did; pardon me, not unnaturally."

"Then Miss Venn could only read that note as coming from"——

"Your nephew."

"Possibly I may still be within my rights! May I ask was its petition then denied?"

"No, it was granted. And it was at Dusa's request that I am here to tell you this. Will you see her?"

"Not now, not now, thanks."

The banker, whose love for his daughter had made him more compliant than perhaps his cautious professional instincts justified, and who had not withdrawn his consent to the young surgeon's suit—a consent given as it transpired in error—even when the quarrel at Elgin House stood disclosed, made clear with a few more pithy words what had happened. And his shrewd insight into his patron's character was vindicated in the sequel.

"Have no fears, Geoffrey; your uncle will come round," he had said. "I am only glad that it was through Dusa that he proposed to punish you."

Old Geoffrey went home, humiliation swallowed up of relief. He found his nephew standing in the library, hunting up certain cartoons in an old volume of Punch. With a quick nervous tread he stepped to his side.

"We are quits, Geoff, now," he said. "I saved you from one dilemma, and you've delivered me from another. I'll not forget the service."

And it was the last reference he made to his two days' wooing.

In the autumn he settled an income of 600 a year, as a marriage gift, on Geoffrey Middleton's nephew.—W. J. Lacey in Home Journal.

### After That the Boy Was Ready.

In the management of the indolent schoolboy, who never wakes up to the value of his opportunity, various happy thoughts are projected by the skillful teacher. One such lately come to light is brilliant from its novelty.

In one of the city's most popular and ably managed institutions of learning, an able teacher of elocution labored long and patiently and erstwhile in vain with the son of a very wealthy man. The boy felt that his father had so much money that it would do all of life's work for him and he need not exert himself more than he liked, even for his own benefit. He obstinately ignored the exercise of declamation, and came to the class week after week with no preparation for his work.

"I will make that boy speak something," finally resolved the teacher. When his name was next called and he answered, as usual, "Unprepared," the instructor was ready.

"Step forward, Master B——, to the platform."

He did so.

"Make your bow to the school."

It was done.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the teacher with dignity, "we will now listen to the recitation of the multiplication table said backward with appropriate gestures."

There was no dodging the command, and the poor victim stood before his audience gesticulating and appealing by emphasis and modulation to the sympathies of his roaring school fellows all the way from "twelve times twelve" to "two times one." Ever since he has had a recitation ready.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

### Two Johns in the Bible.

A man at city hall, who is connected with the lamp department, has sometimes to turn out at daylight and make visits to different parts of the city to see for himself how his subordinates care for the city's lighting.

Sunday morning at 4 o'clock his mission took him into some of the alleyways of the West End. Going into one of these narrow passages near Joy street he found two venerable colored brethren in the heat of discussion. An open Bible lay in the lap of one of them and the intruder heard him thus discourse: "Yos wrong, Rastus, an' de Bible ses so. Deys two Johns an' I allus knowed it. See! Here's one place that gives St. John an' 'nother which gives John 'de Baptist. I ain't gwine to disakus the Scriptures wid yo' no moah. Yo' doan know nuffin about 'em."—Boston Globe.

### SONG.

Though the golden bowl be broken
That held love's rosy wine,
Though the last fond word be spoken
That held thee once as mine,
Fond mem'ry still will cherish
The dream so dear to me,
And till each pulse shall perish
My heart will cling to thee.
Though the golden bowl be broken
My heart will cling to thee.

Though the silver chord be silent
That thrilled beneath thy hand,
As in some desert island
'Neath fallen hopes I stand.
But yet, where'er I wander,
Thy beauty I shall see,
And as the past I ponder
My heart will cling to thee.
Though the silver chord be silent
My heart will cling to thee.

Oh, each imperfect token,
'Twere vain my love to tell;
Though the golden bowl be broken
And the silver chord as well,
Fond mem'ry still will cherish
The dream so dear to me,
And till each pulse shall perish
My heart will cling to thee.
Though the golden bowl be broken
My heart will cling to thee.

### Wants Her Hair Gray.

People sometimes expect medical men to do strange things. A professional correspondent has a lady patient who has consulted him about her hair, which we are told is "turning gray slowly, but surely." Probably it will be assumed that a good hair dye would serve her turn, but it is just the other way. The lady admires gray hair, and what she wants is to know how she can hasten the change. As the correspondent signs himself "Senex" he is presumably a person of some professional experience; but the request seems to have staggered him a little, for he is fain to ask whether his professional brethren can help him out of the difficulty.

People's hair, if we may trust the Prisoner of Chillon, has been known to grow white in a single night, but that has been through "sudden fears," and probably the lady would not care to be terrified into white locks. Marie Antoinette's hair became white, it is recorded, during her stay in the state prison in Paris, and she, we suspect, is in some degree responsible for the romantic associations of gray hair, but that again is hardly a practical remedy. Some milder form of worry and vexation might be tried. What if the lady wrote a blank verse tragedy and tried to get it accepted by a London manager?—London News.

### Chauncey M. Depew's Left Foot.

A New Yorker who has had the good fortune to hear many of the public addresses of Chauncey M. Depew, and who has closely observed his ways, thinks the great orator's left leg is responsible for much of his success. "I've reached the conclusion," the New Yorker says, "that he grinds his speeches out of his left leg. Just as soon as Mr. Depew sits down he will cross the left foot over the right knee and begin to wiggle it. He puts it through all the gestures of an orator, bows to the audience, moves it to the right and left and then swings it vigorously. He watches it all the time intently, and seems to be conversing with it. If you ask him a question then he won't answer you, for ten chances to one he doesn't hear you. He is getting his inspiration, and he's drawing it from his left foot. I tell you, if it was cut off I don't believe he could say a word. Here's to Chauncey's agile and gifted left leg. May it long be left."—Exchange.

### Why France Is Wealthy.

The aggregated wealth of 30,000,000 poor, degraded, barefooted peasants makes France rich. The ignorance of the French farmer is appalling. I never saw a newspaper in a French farm village. Their wants are no more than the wants of a horse. The Frenchman eats the coarsest food; about the same as he feeds his horse. He will eat coarse bread and wine for breakfast; soup, bread and wine for dinner, and perhaps bread and milk for supper; he does not know what coffee or tea is. The negroes of the south live like kings compared to a French farmer. Still the Frenchman is satisfied, because he knows no better.

The government takes the money of the poor up to 1,000 francs and gives them 3½ per cent. for its use. The peasant farmers of France have nearly $800,000,000 on deposit in these savings banks. These poor, degraded, half fed farmers keep the French treasury full of money.—Paris Cor. New York Herald.

### Horseshoeing in Holland.

The method of shoeing horses in Holland is a novel one. The animal is driven into a stout frame cage; the three feet on the ground are hobbled so that no kicking can be indulged in, then the foot that is to be shod is lifted to the desired position and lashed fast to a stout cross bar so that the smith can work at it from all sides, as though it was held in a vise on a work bench. These docile horses submit to being so bound, but an American or English horse would in most cases resist until he was ruined if so treated. The cost of an entire set of new shoes is three guilders, or $1.20. American nails were used, although the shoes were of local manufacture.—Detroit News.

### His Fortune's Foundation.

Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, made a good portion of his great fortune while minister to Russia. The story runs that he bribed a servant to give him the secret of the manufacture of Russia leather. With it he returned to America and became a wealthy man by making Russia leather in America.—Exchange.